

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

VOL. XXVII, No. 2

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD.

October 2005

Of Broadmead interest:

IN THE SHADOW OF THE LAW

By Kermit Roosevelt

Reviewed by Margaret Proctor

This outstanding first novel draws heavily on the author's notable career in the field of law. Roosevelt is a graduate of Harvard College and the Yale Law School. He has served as clerk to U.S. Supreme Court Justice David Souter, clerk to Judge Stephen F. Williams, Washington, D.C., and for several years was an associate with a Chicago law firm. Currently he is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania Law School. He has published widely and holds several professional board memberships. His specialty is conflict of laws and constitutional law.

These two disciplines are directly featured in this novel; they are carried out by finely drawn characters. Roosevelt's manner of describing and enlivening his characters is reminiscent of Louis Auchincloss, with careful and precise attention to details as to dress, conduct and backgrounds, reflecting his own background.

The true protagonist is LAW, with its many-faceted areas, aspects, demands, successes, conflicts and concepts that shape the lives of the lawyers and clients throughout the novel. The plot is concerned with two cases: a murder case which is handled *pro bono*, and a suit regarding an explosion in a chemical plant which develops into a class action. These cases are assigned to several young lawyers in a powerful, prestigious Washington law firm.

Roosevelt skillfully introduces the lawyers involved and their upper-echelon associates. We learn the laws involved as they go through their preparations and we see the amount of intensive research and thought given to each developing seg-

ment, along with - of course - the all-important "billable hours" system: how many hours each lawyer must submit each day and to which client they must be charged. We follow the cases as they are heard - one in Virginia and the other in Texas - and come face-to-face with state courts and lawyers vs. D.C. and Supreme Court precedents. Roosevelt is a strong story-teller who takes us through this intricately plotted novel with style and dispatch. His characters and their actions leave one thinking about the legal system in a completely new way, now that we have been presented with an inside view of how it works. One of the characters especially "had watched the law grow, swelling beneath the surface... the invisible architecture of the world. He watched and understood what most did not—that we all live our lives in the shadow of the law." Roosevelt has written a compelling and readable tale of those who practice law.

Reading this book during the Senatorial hearings on the appointment of Justice Roberts, with two very strong and informative speakers having spoken to us at Open Forum, has been a valuable tool toward learning and understanding the current activities.

On a personal note: the author is the grandson of our fellow resident, Polly Roosevelt, and her late husband, Kermit Roosevelt, which of course makes him the great-great-grandson of President Theodore Roosevelt. Needless to say, Polly is very proud of this young man, and she wonders how he has the time to fulfill his professorial duties and also write this well-worth-reading novel - his first but, hopefully, not his last.

VOICE of the RESIDENTS

Volume XXVII, No. 2

October 2005

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The Broadmead Residents Association
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IN MEMORIAM**R. Nelson Phelps**

April 10, 1917

August 18, 2005

Delight F. Bennett

July 5, 1907

August 30, 2005

Gisela E. Fleischmann

March 22, 1921

September 9, 2005

Walter Hale

January 1, 1926

September 14, 2005

Editor's Note:

We regret that Jane Wisseman's name was omitted in the September issue from a list of those who helped make the library annex in the lounge a reality. Jane was one of the hardworking committee women who organized the large print, fiction and mystery books now almost overflowing that area.

AGING*By Sibylle Ehrlich*

Childish fears under white hair.
The grid of life is rusting;
Its steps and rails no longer are secure.
Dear friends fall through its treacherous gaps.

Why are yesteryears' white roses more fragrant
than today's?

The Now has lost its meaning
As the Then moves into today's memory,
And the Why is left unanswered.

At times a rainbow may appear.
Is it the answer to the Why?

If you keep your nose to the grindstone rough
And keep it down there long enough,
You soon forget there are such things
As a brook that babbles and a bird that sings.
And soon the world will just compose
Of you, the grindstone, and your own poor nose.

*A Scandinavian Proverb***October Morning***By Carolyn Underwood*

Brisk October morning.
Anything can be on a morning like this.
All that's created shouts with gladness.
Life sparkles, sings,
Bursts its bounds.
Everything spills out its joy.
It's all one unrestrained panorama of beauty.

MOVING AROUND
BROADMEAD

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Betsey Spragins	J-6	R-12

NEWLY ARRIVED
RESIDENTS**Margaret Fowler****E9 410-771-8099****Douglas & Nancy Warner M7 410-771-0808**

THE JUDICIAL BRANCH AND THE SUPREME COURT: FIRST AMONG EQUALS

By Kitty Stierhoff

On the evening of September 9th we were treated to a remarkable talk by Byron Warnken, Law Professor at the University of Baltimore and expert on Constitutional Law and the Supreme Court. Professor Warnken gave us a real history lesson on the Constitution and the Supreme Court along with many asides, trivia and delightful stories. His talk was a great start to the Open Forum Lecture Series for 2005-06.

Professor Warnken started off by telling us that the Constitution is the most significant non-religious document in the history of the planet. Until that time there had never been a democracy where people actually ruled themselves. Because the framers feared the power of a central government they devised a tripartite system of government with three distinctive branches: the legislative (creates the laws), the executive (runs the government and enforces the laws) and the judicial (interprets the laws). The Federalist Papers written by Alexander Hamilton are the closest thing we have to legislative history. It is interesting that Hamilton wrote that the judicial branch of government was the least dangerous. The government was up and running very quickly. A Capitol was built for the legislative branch and the White House for the executive branch but it was 1935 before the judicial branch had its own building.

Congress established jurisdiction for the Supreme Court. The Constitution only provides there shall be one Supreme Court and any other inferior courts the Congress shall provide. District Courts were established in 1789 and Circuit Courts in 1891.

Professor Warnken feels that *Marbury v. Madison* in 1803 is the most important case the Supreme Court has heard. *Marbury* received a Federal Judicial Appointment from outgoing President Adams but incoming President Madison wouldn't acknowledge it. *Marbury* sued Madison in the Supreme Court for a Writ of Mandamus (mandate). Chief Justice Marshall wrote the opinion and dismissed the case which established that the Judicial Branch had final say in all disputes between branches. This makes the Supreme Court "First among Equals". It can set precedent, establish precedent and change its own precedent.

Professor Warnken discussed the current justices and how they have affected decisions and also stated that there will be a real change with the filling of the two current vacancies on the Court. He anticipates that there will be a challenge to *Roe v. Wade* in the coming years.

HISTORICAL PROBLEMS WITH SUPREME COURT NOMINATION

By Gretel Weiss

Our quest for information about the Supreme Court led to the Open Forum's second lecture on September 16, 2005. Our speaker was James O'Hara, retired Loyola college professor and a trustee of the Supreme Court Historical Society. His knowledge of the history and the workings of the court kept us spellbound for 1½ hours.

Except for two occasions in the early days of the United States, nominees used to be confirmed rapidly without hearings. There was no Judiciary Committee to hold hearings but as time went on, the Senate Judiciary Committee played a greater and greater role. No nominee testified at hearings until 1925, and then only on one issue. The first nominee to answer questions about his/her knowledge about the Court was nominated by President Eisenhower. There were some fundamental requirements to be eligible to be a justice, which Professor O'Hara summarized as follows: To be bright enough, to be honest enough, and to be emotionally ready and balanced. Professor O'Hara considers it improper to attempt to find out what a nominee might do in a particular case.

Why does a president's nominee get rejected? Nominees are rarely rejected because they are not good. Mostly it is because the President had not been elected but had been the vice-president who had been brought in because of his home state; or the President is relatively weak, and the Senate is controlled by the other party or the President is in the last year of his term and the other party is likely to win the presidency. Then the tactic is to delay.

Professor O'Hara regrets that the hearings have become too politicized, and he also regrets a focus on one particular issue which might cause a nominee to be rejected. He/she might have superb knowledge in other areas, e.g., tax code, patent law, but it is not a good thing when all the justices are interested in the same kind of law.

During the question period Mr. O'Hara commented extensively on the role of the chief justice. Although he is one among equals, he has specific duties and influences, such as the administration of the Court and the decision on who will write the opinion of the Court. His influence is subtle, and his personality and his way of operating have a profound effect on the Court. Strangely enough, the justices in the present Court get along well and are friends regardless of their conservative or their liberal opinions.

We are most appreciative to have had two exceptionally knowledgeable experts to explain the Supreme Court to us. It could not have been at a more appropriate time.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

By Sibylle Ehrlich

Around Labor Day 1937 we moved to Jackson Heights, a working class neighborhood of Queens, New York. My mother and I had arrived from Germany in July, joining my father, who had come earlier to the United States in search of a job. My older sister had stayed in school in England. I was relieved to move out of our two room furnished, roach-infested Manhattan apartment. Our new apartment consisted of four rooms and kitchen in a semi-detached house. We had the use of the front porch. The bedroom windows faced the tiny garden, belonging to the landlord. For my parents it was quite humbling to live so modestly, but I was pleased with my new surroundings. I had longed for trees and open space since coming to New York two months earlier; and the geraniums on the porch, the backyard and the quiet street with its two-story houses were a great improvement over the dark, narrow tunnels of Manhattan.

That first fall, I'd sit on the porch steps and watch the children play. I didn't know their games, I didn't know their language. That came later. "Wanna play?" they shouted as they kicked a can down the street. That I had understood. I shook my head and watched them. The girls often jumped rope. I knew neither their way of jumping rope nor the verses and rhymes they sang. Those, too, I learned later. I'd take a small ball and throw it against the side of the house, making up intricate rules for myself. I know it annoyed the landlady, but she did not complain too often.

"Wanna play?" the children called. No, I walked down the street to inspect the empty lot at the end of our block. I had heard the children refer to it as such. Perhaps it was called "the lot" because it had lots of weeds on it? I carefully made my way between thistles, broken beer bottles, dog leavings. I had noticed some flowering weeds which reminded me of corn flowers and wild daisies. They were hard to pick. I should have brought a little knife along; but I was able tear off enough for a small bouquet to bring home. I had to admit the flowers looked rather pitiful in the little vase.

During that first fall and winter I learned English; I learned to jump rope - somewhat - I never did learn nor want to play "kick the can". I frequently walked to the empty lot and inspected it. It was drearier and dirtier than ever in the winter. The dead weeds were brown, patches of snow were dirty, and the debris and trash was more obvious.

By April the weeds showed new growth and covered some of the ugliness. That was my cue. I took my allowance and all the courage I could muster, when I went on my weekly visit to the local Woolworth store. I picked out a small shovel and carefully inspected the selection of flower seed packets. The flowers illustrated looked lush and colorful. It was difficult to decide. Should I pick a familiar flower like a daisy or something more exotic, more American? I finally decided on the California poppy. I remember so well proudly carrying the small brown paper bag with my purchases.

That afternoon I ran to the lot and found a fairly clean space. After clearing away cigarette butts and pieces of glass, I started to prepare the hard soil with my cheap little shovel. The area I managed to clear was perhaps four by four feet. It was quite an accomplishment, because I had not realized how obstinate the roots would be. I crumbled the soil with my fingers, drew two lines and emptied the seed packet in them. Then I watered the seeds with a can of water I had brought from home. I went home tired, dirty and satisfied.

Every day after school, I ran down the street to look at my "garden". I tried to keep it a secret from the children in the street, fearing they would laugh at me. Saturday afternoons was a safe time for me to tend to my flowers, because the neighborhood children would go to the movies. As the seedlings emerged, I had to keep the weeds in check, which encroached on my precious flowers and threatened to take over. I had also learned about poison ivy and how to avoid it. In the meanwhile my rope-jumping skills improved and I learned to zoom down the street on my new roller skates.

One Saturday afternoon in early June I went down to the "lot". Walking down the street I tried to remember the description on the seed packet. When were the poppies supposed to bloom: June? July? Carefully making my way between thistles and poison ivy I reached the flower bed. The plants had been pulled up and were wilting. Beer bottles, not yet broken and cigarette butts not yet disintegrated covered the cleared little area. I walked home slowly. "Oh well," I thought. "California poppies are probably not meant to grow in Jackson Heights."

In May 1992, on my first trip to California, I saw masses of California poppies, growing on the sheltered slopes near the shore. They were colorful, lush and fragile. They reminded me of the picture on the seed packet I had bought from Woolworth 53 years earlier. Yes, California poppies are meant to grow in California.

BROADMEAD LIBRARY

By Colin MacLachlan

The Broadmead Library, begun two years before there was an actual "Broadmead" now modestly allows that its collection numbers over 10,000 volumes, more volumes than many small colleges can boast. And this was accomplished by a volunteer organization which turned a small profit for the institution through sales of books given to, but not needed, by the library and subsequently sold, either in the Barn Sales or to dealers.

The library today occupies space next to the Lounge on the upper floor of the Center plus space under the stairs and downstairs in the Seminar Room. The layout, according to Margaret Tylor, a Librarian at Broadmead beginning two years after the library's founding in 1979, has the main library next to the lounge. There are housed volumes of fiction, biography, history, and political science, plus the card catalog. Books under the staircase to the lower floor contain sciences, technology, etc.

The seminar room on the lower level contains reference books, oversize books, Maryland books, new bird books. There is a large section of uncatalogued paperback books next to the Fireplace Room on the lower floor. There is a Library work room on the lower floor just off the elevator where Head Librarian Agnes Visy catalogues incoming library books.

The Library is self-service with all work within the system done by volunteers. In addition to Margaret Tylor, who in the early days was in charge of periodicals of which there were 150 then, 90 now, is a graduate of Goucher and taught at Baltimore City schools for many years. The staff includes Jane Wisseman, head of circulation.

The Library has had three head librarians in 26 years: Emily Schilpp (1979-1991), formerly a librarian at Johns Hopkins, Sarah Jones (1991-1997) Head Librarian at Goucher and Agnes Visy (1997- Present) formerly at Towson University. Despite the many changes and the growth of the library many of the same rules and procedures that applied in the beginning still apply. Residents are still encouraged to share their periodicals with the library and anyone who fails to visit the Library is still missing a treat.

Books continue to pile up outside Agnes Visy's door----sometimes greeted with a groan----candidates for addition to a collection that would do any small institution proud.

BREAKFAST IN BED

By Bob Herrmann

"Good morning Mr. Herrmann. Breakfast is served." Breakfast was served in bed. It consisted of the following: orange juice, scrambled eggs, four strips of crispy bacon, a toasted English muffin, whipped butter, jelly, and coffee.

Where did this take place?

The Hotel Pierre,? The Algonquin? Holiday Cruise Lines? No to all!!

Where, then?

Correct answer: Room 245

Hallowell Hall, Broadmead

Recovering from hip surgery.

If I Were

By Ruth S. Williams

If I were a black spider,
I'd climb up the garden wall
And build the most beautiful
Silver spider web of all.

If I were a green frog,
I'd sit on a lily pad
And dream I was a bold knight
Like gallant Sir Galahad.

If I were a tawny lion,
I would wear a golden crown.
I'd be King of the Jungle
And the big man about town.

But I am a nice lady
Of indeterminate age,
So I write funny poems
And read them from the stage.

I walk in the swimming pool
And take Art One-o-one,
Play scrabble on Thursdays
And have lots of fun.

But if I could live life
All over afresh,
I'd be a fierce tiger
In southwest Bangladesh.

"Dance like no one is watching."

By Irene Schneider

This is an exhortation often advanced by followers of the "live in the moment" philosophy. I have heard this expression so often lately that I find myself revisiting the rich history of dance in my life.

My very first dance instruction took place in a 5th Grade Gym Class at a parochial school. The task was to learn how to polka. Our instructor was a tiny spirited and highly energetic nun whose swirling long black skirt mesmerized me. I remember how delicately she lifted that long skirt to reveal her tiny black-shod feet so we could copy the correct steps. The school was part of St. Elizabeth's Church in Cleveland, Ohio, which happens to be the oldest Hungarian Catholic Church in the United States. It was staffed by an order of Hungarian nuns dedicated to preserving Hungarian folk dances for the yearly Fall Festivals. All classes from kindergarten to 6th Grade performed folk dances wearing rented Hungarian costumes. We danced under a grape arbor over a wooden dance platform constructed in the parking lot. I remember how I loved being cheered on by an enthusiastic audience of adoring parents.

I find myself pondering over the advice to dance as if no one is watching. Doesn't this automatically mean that I must be dancing by myself—not even a partner in the picture? Children responding to music will instinctively move their bodies, but this response is more likely to occur if there are other people observing to appreciate and encourage repetition.

This appreciation and encouragement factor is essential to bringing males to the dance. And even then, dynamite might be more productive in getting the guy to move, once he is on the dance floor. The guy is willing to latch onto the gal, holding her in his arms because it is a socially acceptable connection—but moving his feet to music is another thing altogether. I married a guy whose basic idea of dancing was to shift his body weight from one side to the other, period. And his two sons inherited the same proclivity in spite of Mom's efforts to teach them a few variations. This shifting from one foot to another usually involves a small pivot which guarantees that the couple will never travel very far from the spot where they have drilled themselves into the floor boards. It also assures the couple that they can cling to each other with their eyes closed because there is no necessity to look where they are going—they are going nowhere. And then the gal falls in love with the guy and it doesn't

matter whether he dances or not as long as they are in each other's arms. Into the marriage, I beseeched the guy to please learn to waltz because that is my favorite dance music. And his answer was always the same: "Forgetaboutit." "Don't bug me any more." "No kidding around, Case Closed." I persisted with the request on and off through 20 odd years and finally, sadly, I surrendered my wish to be able to waltz with the man I love.

Imagine my enormous surprise when, at our 27th Anniversary dinner at a classy restaurant, when the guy makes this announcement to me: "I made arrangements for us to take private waltz lessons." My hysterical happy reaction was to keep squealing: "I don't believe it! I don't believe it." And the guy says: "I can't believe it either. I can't tell you how many times this week I was tempted to cancel out of the arrangement." I told him over and over again that he was giving me the very best gift; and besides, appealing to his practical side, I told him he would be well prepared to know how to waltz so he could dance with his daughter at her wedding.

He didn't cancel out. We went to the first private class and at the end of the hour, we were waltzing. The first full recording which the instructor played for our first dance together was an instrumental version of "Amazing Grace." I laughed and cried at the same time; and the guy had a happy proud look stamped all over his face.

And I wanted the Whole World to be watching this dance!!!!

THE GROUCH

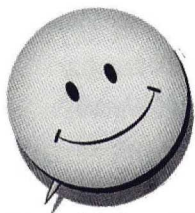
By Lucille Brandt

I'll write a poem about the weather.
I know it won't be very clever,
But it will state just how I feel,
When dealing with this heat surreal.

The perspiration on my face,
The sweat that doesn't know its place,
The clamminess around my neck,
All make me feel a total wreck.

The moisture spoils my new hair set.
My clothes are sticky, dripping wet.
The endless heat gives me a pain.
If only we could have some rain.

When rescue comes with blasts of thunder,
I wish that I were six feet under.
And now it's pleasant as can be,
But there's no satisfying me.



BROADMEAD WELCOMES

By Betsy Griffin

Greenwald, Lee and Janet (Rosenstock)

Q-2

410-771-3828

June 2005

The Greenwalds are native Marylanders, she from Frederick and he from Baltimore. Janet, who has an identical twin sister and is a niece of our Adelaide Silberstein, attended the National Cathedral School and Goucher College. Lee grew up in Randlestown and attended the University of Baltimore until he entered the Army during WWII serving as a combat engineer and in the out-patient clinic at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington for 2 years. The Greenwalds have 3 children, a daughter and 2 sons and 6 grandchildren living in Middlebury, Vermont; Cleveland, Ohio; and Columbia, Maryland. Lee's background in the food industry began as a boy when he delivered his mother's homemade salad dressing door to door and progressed through mergers with the Martin-Gillet Tea Company to Eskay Meat Packers, to McCormicks where he spent a 31 year career until his retirement in 1988.. During those years he took a leave of absence for 8 years while working in Cleveland. The Greenwalds have many interests here at Broadmead including power walking every day, birding, gardening, bridge and reading. Lee volunteers at Pickersgill in Towson and they enjoy their little cocker, Simba.

Brant, Margaret (MacInness) [Mrs. Albert]

R-4

410-628-6115

July 2005

Margaret was born in Glasgow Scotland and came to America as a child of 7 when her father was offered a position as a shipbuilder. She attended business school until her marriage and the birth of her only son who now lives in Malvern Pa. with her 2 grandchildren. The family moved to New Jersey and thence to Baltimore where her husband was an employee of the Bethlehem Steel Company until his retirement. Margaret has been an active church and hospital volunteer both in New Jersey and Baltimore since 1953. From their home in Glen Arm she has been an active volunteer in the Intensive Care Unit at GBMC for many years. She expresses interest in Sew and So.

Carnell, John and Sue (Powel)

A-13

410-527-3517

August 2005

The Carnells are no strangers to Broadmead. Sue's mother was a "mudder" and lived her long life here at Broadmead and John chaired the original committee that planned "a new concept for retirement living"- Broadmead -for this Baltimore area. Both are active Quakers. Sue was born on a farm near Ellicott City in Howard county and is a graduate of the Samuel RReady School and Goucher College. John is a native of upper New York State (though a resident of Maryland for more than 50 years) and a graduate of Penn State University. Both earned Masters Degrees in Education at Johns Hopkins University. Sue taught reading for 24 years at Baltimore City Community College and also served as an administrator there. John taught at Friends School before be-

coming Assistant Head Master for Finance at that institution. The Carnells have 4 children - all of whom attended Friends School, - two living nearby, one in Virginia and one in Cleveland. They have seven grandchildren. Their interests include family, travel, Elderhostels and volunteer work as Board members at Shepherd Pratt Hospital and Samuel RReady School and the Friends Service Committees. The Carnells share family here as their son is married to Jean Hake's daughter and they share grandchildren. They are happily settling into A-13 with their black cat, Blink.

McKechnie, Randell and Virginia (Ullrich-Tomlinson)

B-2

410-771-6688

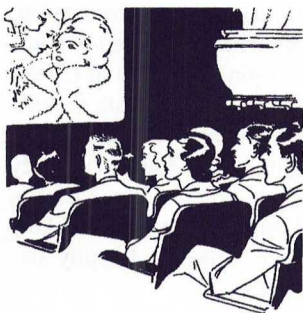
July 2005

Virginia was born in Michigan and is a graduate of Michigan State where she studied business administration. She taught business subjects in Michigan before serving in Germany with the Army in similar jobs. She moved to Baltimore with her late husband and 2 sons in 1961 and in 1972 she started her own business, Tomlinson Professional Crafts, which proved highly successful for 22 years. She sold her company several years ago. Virginia has been honored several times for her outstanding work in the craft industry. Randell was born in Japan, the son of missionary parents and is a graduate of Kenyon College where he studied English and History. He states that he has spent a lifetime of military and civilian service with a Special Unit of the Office of the Secretary of Defense. He is interested in studying Hebrew and Christian scriptures and commentaries of the early church. He is fascinated by chipmunks and enjoys studying them from his power wheel chair. The McKechnies each have had previous marriages but have been married for 27 years. He has 4 children and she has two and there are ten grandchildren. Randy has been a volunteer at GBMC and hopes to return to that work while Virginia expects to continue her volunteer tutoring in math and reading

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Below: Doris Smith enjoys The Voice in the bright sunshine.





BROADMEAD MOVIES

Tuesday Movies by
Gretel & Leo Wiess
Saturday Movies by
Jeanne Stephenson &
Betty Douglas

October 4 **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**
1944 4 ½ Stars 100 minutes NR

A fishing boat captain in Martinique gets involved with the Vichy French government in attempting to help the Free French. An adventure story by Ernest Hemmingway. Introducing Lauren Bacall, with Humphrey Bogart, and Hoagy Carmichael

October 11 **VERA DRAKE**
2004 4 ½ Stars 125 minutes R

Oscar nominee Imelda Staunton, a simple, compassionate woman in a lower class neighborhood in London in the fifties, in her spare time she looks after her neighbors who have no one to take care of them. She also helps young women who find themselves in a family way.

(Post movie discussion led by Jonas Rappeport.)

October 18 **MY FAIR LADY**
1964 4 ½ Stars 170 minutes G

Oscar winning Musical based on Shaw's Pygmalion. Rex Harrison, Audrey Hepburn, Stanley Holloway

October 25 **SUNSHINE STATE**
2002 4 ½ Stars 141 minutes PG 13

Chronicles the downside of uncontrolled development in Florida and acquaints us with indelible characters. Beautifully acted with Edie Falco and Angela Bassett.

October 29 **YES, GIORGIO**
1982 4 ½ Stars 110 minutes PG13

In his younger years, Giorgio, performing at the Metropolitan, lost his voice. Now, years later, singing in Rome, it happens again. A nurse, suspecting the cause to be mental, treats him, restores his voice, and influences him to return to the Metropolitan. Luciano Pavarotti, Eddie Albert, Kathryn Harold.

SATURDAY PROGRAMS

In the Auditorium at 7:00 pm

By Margaret Proctor

October 1st

"HER JOURNEY THROUGH THE HOLOCAUST"

Survivor and lecturer

Deli Strummer

*

October 8th

"PERRY'S BALTIMORE ADVENTURE"

A birds eye view of Charm City

Peter E. Dans, MD

Author, Editor, and
Health Care Consultant

October 15th

"THE HELLENIC GOLDEN COINS, GREEK DANCE GROUP"

Despina Moniodes

Director

October 22nd

"THEATRE ORGANS AND THEATRES IN THE OLD DAYS"

Roy Wagner and Roy Insley

Restorers, Historians and Musicians

*

ALL ARE WELCOME



BOOK DISCUSSION GROUP

By Nancy Starnes

Monday, October 3rd at 10:30 am

In the Auditorium

"IRELAND"

By Frank Delany

The discussion will be led by

The Reverend Dr. George Gray Toole

Retired Pastor of the Towson Presbyterian Church

(Book Mobile October 14th & 28th

11:30 to 12:15 Lower Level)

ADVENTURES IN LEARNING

Maryland's Thoroughbred
Horse Industry
By Nancy Boyce

October 12th

"Panorama of Maryland Racing 1740 to 1970"

JOSEPH B. KELLY
Former Racing Editor
Of the Washington Evening Star.
(slide presentation)

October 19th

"Breeding Thoroughbreds in Maryland"

MICHAEL PONS
From Country Life Farm, Bel Air

October 26th

Bus Trip to Maryland Stallion Station

Sign Up Sheet with departure
and return times will be posted

November 2nd

"Steeplechase and Timber Races"

CHARLES FENWICK
Well-known horseman
will describe thrills and spills

ALL LECTURES ARE IN THE
AUDITORIUM AT 10:30 AM

HEALTH CARE LECTURE

for residents and staff

Tuesday, October 4, 2005 at 10:30 a.m.
in the Auditorium

Speaker: Dr. Richard P. Allen, Ph.D.
Topic: Sleep, Diet and Anemia

OPEN FORUM

By Sonia Blumenthal

Thursdays at 10:30 am.
in the Auditorium

October 6th

"SHARING CONTROL: THE BUSINESS/GOVERNMENT RELATIONSHIP"

Dr. Robert M. Sparks
Economist, Broadmead Resident

October 20th

"THE LIFE OF THE CHESAPEAKE BAY AND ITS TRIBUTARIES: Prospects for the future"

John Martin, PhD.
Operations Engineer,
Baltimore City Wastewater Facility,
Department of Public Works

SPYGLASS LOW VISION SUPPORT GROUP

By Teresa Gramling

Catherine Ruben

Maryland Library for the Blind

Tuesday, October 11th,
11 am. to noon
In the Auditorium

WEDNESDAY WORSHIP AT BROADMEAD

**1st Wednesday every month at 10:30 am
EPISCOPAL COMMUNION**

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd floor
Sponsored by Sherwood Episcopal
Church - York Road, Cockeysville
*

**2nd Wednesday Every Month at 10:00 am
CATHOLIC MASS**

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd Floor
Sponsored by the Catholic Community of
St. Francis Xavier, Cuba Road, Hunt Valley
*

**3rd Wednesday Every Month at 10:30 am
PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION**

Stony Run Activities Room – 3rd Floor
Sponsored by Ashland Presbyterian Church,
Ashland Avenue, Cockeysville

VESPERS

By Pat Underwood

**Sunday in the Lounge
October 16th 4:30 – 5:00pm**

The Reverend Ernest Smart
Saint Andrews Christian Community

BIBLE STUDY

**Tuesday, October, 11th at 10:30 am
Fireplace Room**

**Led by
The Reverend Beverly Braine**
Rector, Immanuel Episcopal Church

ALL WELCOME

MUSIC EVENTS

By Phil Schnering

Thursday, October, 13th at 7:00pm

LET'S SING

With Herb Merrick at the piano
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Sunday, October 30th at 2:00 pm

VLADIMIR SVOYSKY

Russian Pianist.

Returning after having played for us
several times in the past.

Real Russian energy in the playing
*

*All welcome,
In the Auditorium*

LET'S DANCE

By Water Lane



**With the
George Hipp Trio**

Everyone welcome to dance
or just to enjoy the music.

Monday

October 10th at 7:00 pm

In the Lounge

OPERA VIDEO

By Harry Blumenthal

Friday October, 28th 7 pm, in the auditorium

“THE MIKADO”

By W. Gilbert & A. Sullivan

A film starring artist of the Doyle Carte Opera
Company, and the London Symphony Orchestra
With Martyn Green, Kenny Baker, Jean Colin.
(84 minutes)

HITHER THITHER AND YAWN

By Foxy Georgia

Now - I am back from my Sabbatical. Didja miss me?? And I have a few jewels to lay before you.. Give up? Or read on.. Somehow we missed telling you about the grand departure of the bus to Chautauqua last August. A large oil spill on the perimeter road marks the spot. While the gang waited for a new bus, everyone scurried into the coffee shop where they feasted on chipped beef and scones (we had another name for chipped beef in our family (furnished to you upon request). Anyway, seven broads, not all Goucher Gals took off, led by Dottie Krug and included Theo Easter, Louise Hagar, Liz Jackson, Margaret Proctor, Margaret Cooke, and Jeanette Cabeen. Barbara Vosburg had to cancel out. Missed ya gal! Maybe next time. Okay, Hon?

Hey, guess the most popular name here , in the gals department...Sally... I counted eight. And in the gents department...John... I counted eight, closely followed by Bob and Bill...can you identify the owners?

Have you noticed some of the stubby pencils in the main dining room have been sharpened? Makes checking off a pleasure....Thanks to whom-ever.

Transportation is up for grabs again... Bus didn't seem to answer the need....Anyway somebody suggested hooking some seated additions on to the many motorized carts, ala Ocean City boardwalk style. With gas where it is now, this is the answer. Gladys, tell your committee about this. Guess the real need is scheduled trips to the new shopping center and light rail, whenever that starts up again.

Marie Ewing, dig out that deerstalker's cap from the Barn Sale stuff. Then you can really sneak up on the family of deer you are watching.

After seeing the handsome poster on the board about your hit and run incident, looks like deer aren't the only things you are stalking. Now it's people. Could this dent be the result of a self inflicted wound, or do you really expect true confessions?? Rotsa ruck cutie!!

Speaking of the Barn Sale (it will be over by the time you read this). How about donating some left over coat hangers to Hallowell...Talk about genuine need!!!

Bill Eddison and his remarkable cast gave

us an Oscar Wilde Play at the monthly play reading. A professional cast of Branch and Dickens Warfield and Bill Benson made us sit up and take notice. Nancy Starnes is working on the production for the next month. How's about it? Volunteering to take on an evening of fun for us all... Think about it!!

Have you noticed how inviting the new deck is? Better still, have you used it? Great people-watching locale. While we are noticing, the giant sunflowers in Colin's front yard are up for the annual "Boring Maryland Garden club of 16" award. It's being forwarded to him in Nova Scotia. Louise Hagar is whipping her checking staff into action. This crowd gets you on and off the busses to all kinds of great doings. And of course Wilbert and Jean Mercer press the pedal to the metal and boy is that Jean hot on the Pope-mobile!! Like wow!!

Feels good to get home, Hugh? Kitty really missed you around the house. At least she won't wake you up at 3:30 or 4:00 am to take your vital signs—or maybe she will. How nosy can we get?

Belated happy birthday wishes to the double Bobs - Davies and Herrmann. I hear they really celebrated. Not everyone is lucky to have such a wing-ding. Thank you, Sally.

Knock out photos in the East hall are breath taking. That Sally has a quick finger on the plunger. She 's truly a Pro. Sensational!!

We hear there are a lot of unused singing voices...Ann Allen, Chas Stieff, Ginny Cooley, to name but a few and more yet unheard. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have our own Whiffenpoofs, or sweet Adelines or both? Ellen Williams, you would be the one to organize this for us and it would give us all an enormous amount of joy. Please think about it.

Unsung hero award...2 residents who on their very own initiative have quietly gone about presenting care and comfort and pleasure to the residents in Hallowell. Irene Schneider sings and plays her lap harp as a relaxing and soothing gesture. Larry Galla presents a weekly movie in the activities room to an appreciative audience. They do not see the movies in the auditorium. His timing is early, just right for the group. How very thoughtful and considerate of these two!!

Well, guess this is about as far as you need to read, and surely, you've had 'nuff.. See you kids around.



Bob Davies and John Michener (*above*) emulate throwing snowballs (at Julie Sega, *below left*?) while modeling wintry wear for the Mini-Barn Sale of a few days ago. Meanwhile, Betty Moore and Linda Chick (*above right*) suavely display somewhat more seasonal apparel.

Photos: Dick Hutzler



Broadmead

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